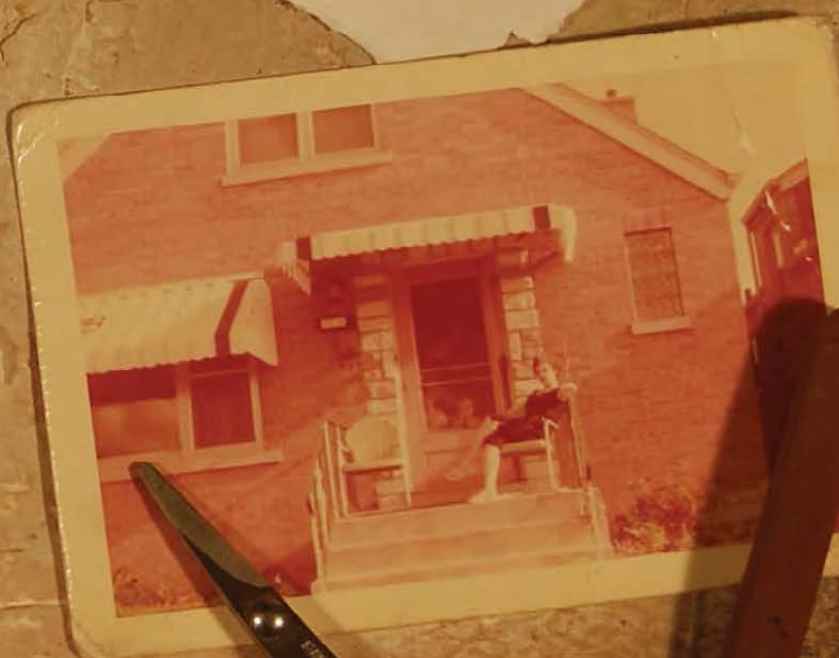


menagerie



Front & Back Cover: Mixed Media
by Lindsey Herbert

Inside Cover: Silk Screen
by Monica Dinh

Menagerie reserves the right to edit manuscripts and art. Submission forms for the 2014 edition of Menagerie will be available on the LTHS website on November 1, 2013. The literary submissions deadline is tentatively set at January 22, 2014. The art submissions deadline is tentatively set at February 21, 2014.

VOLUME 38, 2013



A Work in Progress

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Mission Statement

Menagerie is the student-run literary and art magazine of Lyons Township High School. Our goal is to showcase and synthesize the works of our talented students in a professional publication. By honoring the writers and artists of our school, we hope to encourage their future work and inspire innovation in our community.



Editor's Note

BY LINDSEY HERBERT

Our lives are a compilation of memories, experiences, and everyday occurrences that continue to define and mold us in our progression through the years. We are constantly evolving and making mistakes, and thus, are ourselves a work in progress.

This year, the magazine embodies the idea of a work in progress, with each page unique in having a sense of a messy, unfinished quality similar to a sketchbook or journal. Members of the art staff created their own page from scratch by including a handmade element, artistically rendered through watercolor, scribbled and smudged with pastel, or painted and stitched with thread. Found objects—such as a scarf or film strip—can be found throughout the magazine as a way to represent a permanent form trapped and stored between the pages of a book.

Whether through the ongoing construction and assemblage of *Dance Costume*, the impulsive quality of *Anatomy* in which the framework is left exposed and disorderly, or the tangible elements described to craft a life in “Dream Buildings,” the magazine expresses a work in progress through the content as well as the layout.

I am proud to present the 2013 edition of *Menagerie*, a celebration of the uncertainty and spontaneity within each new moment of one's life and a reminder to appreciate life as a work in progress.

~LH

Summer's Last

BY CARLINA GREEN

the yellow barriers at the end of the block could stop the cars, but not the music.
its pulse echoed against far-away windowpanes,
settling in the dim glow of the streetlights
as laughter escaped into the warm air.
the kegs were half-empty, but the night was still full.

already, the children had left—
sticky, grape-flavored hands washed
and tired bodies lifted into bed
even though a little face paint remained.

the little ones were gone, but the street was crowded with youth:
like the middle aged men in the bouncy house
wearing shirts from their college days
or the housewives dancing on the pavement
twirling clumsily in the colored lights.
and the teenagers:
girls chalk-drawing patterns on the street,
carefree as the children already asleep;
boys playing like NFL heroes,
all for adrenaline and bragging rights.

when the rain came, everyone else went inside.
perhaps they made popcorn and watched the news.
for them, it was already back to normal;
the magic was gone, and so was the summer.

still, magic stays longer if you want it to—
and the youngest wanted it to.
this was the last moment before
school would start again.
it was their last chance.

the girls let the rain come down on them,
racing each other down the street.
they laughed at how mascara slowly slid
down their faces, leaving black streaks;
the boys had been busy playing football
on what was no longer a perfectly manicured lawn.
they played on, covering themselves with mud in the process,
shouting a little louder to be heard over the drumming of the rain.

the girls shouted also, asking for a thunderstorm.
they boys laughed—as if anyone was listening through the rain.
but that night, it was all real because a sudden stroke of lighting
ignited the sky all around them, and the thunder couldn't be ignored.
the girls laughed because someone had answered their call,
and the boys admitted defeat, peeling off mud-streaked jerseys
to let the rain wash them clean.

the last of it came down all at once;
soaking them all in cold tears from the sky.
with a sudden rush of wind, it was over;
storm and summer finished
as the clouds moved on to somewhere else.



IMAGES TAKEN OF A CLOSED POOL
PETER GAJEWSKI
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Naked Barbies

BY LAURA LANNAN

I hated
when Barbies laid around
unclothed.
It was so shameful.
Gross,
in a way.
I hated
the round plastic boobs
and the sunken Y
of their butt cheeks,
the flipped arc
of their backs
reflecting little white squares.

A thought would scare me
when I imagined a Barbie naked,
left in a diner
somewhere.
A flat firework
of dusty yellow hair
mopped around a fake face
smashed into the table;
a square plastic bum
turned up to the lights.

And a man would come along
to the booth where she sulked
and curl her gently
into the hot crypt of his fist.
Her round plastic boobs,
and butt cheek Y,
her bare, synthetic nakedness
rubbing against his
(very real)
skin.



KILL ME PLEASE
LINDSEY HERBERT
MIXED MEDIA



FACELESS
LAUREN RICKMAN
SILVER GELATIN PRINT



DOLLS
HANNAH RADEMAKER
SILVER GELATIN PRINT

Cuticles

BY KAT EGAN

Cecelia hated her cuticles. They seemed to mock her at all times. She often found herself pushing back her cuticle with the tip of her pencil in the middle of class, realizing she hadn't heard a thing the professor had said about European history, though she doubted she'd missed anything exciting.

Now, under the glare of the kitchen lights, her cuticles seemed even more apparent. Resting her elbows on the dining table, Cecilia examined her fingers before selecting which ones to prune. As she meticulously tore away at her nail bed with metal tools that are usually reserved for surgery, Cecilia noticed her little sister watching her. Amy had been doing this lately. Cecilia often found Amy's curious black eyes staring at her, waiting for acknowledgement. She tried to ignore it, but Amy was patient. Cecilia sighed.

"What?" Cecilia asked, exasperated.

"Would you lie for me?" Amy was only thirteen, eight years younger than Cecilia. Cecilia often joked that she was an accident, a result from one of the nights her mother had too much wine. What could Amy possibly have done that required a lie? Even though Cecilia had plenty of things to lie about by the time she was thirteen (her senior boyfriend, her cigarettes), she couldn't imagine Amy doing anything like that. She was just so innocent, and awkward, though Cecilia wasn't sure which of those traits kept Amy from getting in trouble. She had a feeling it was awkward.

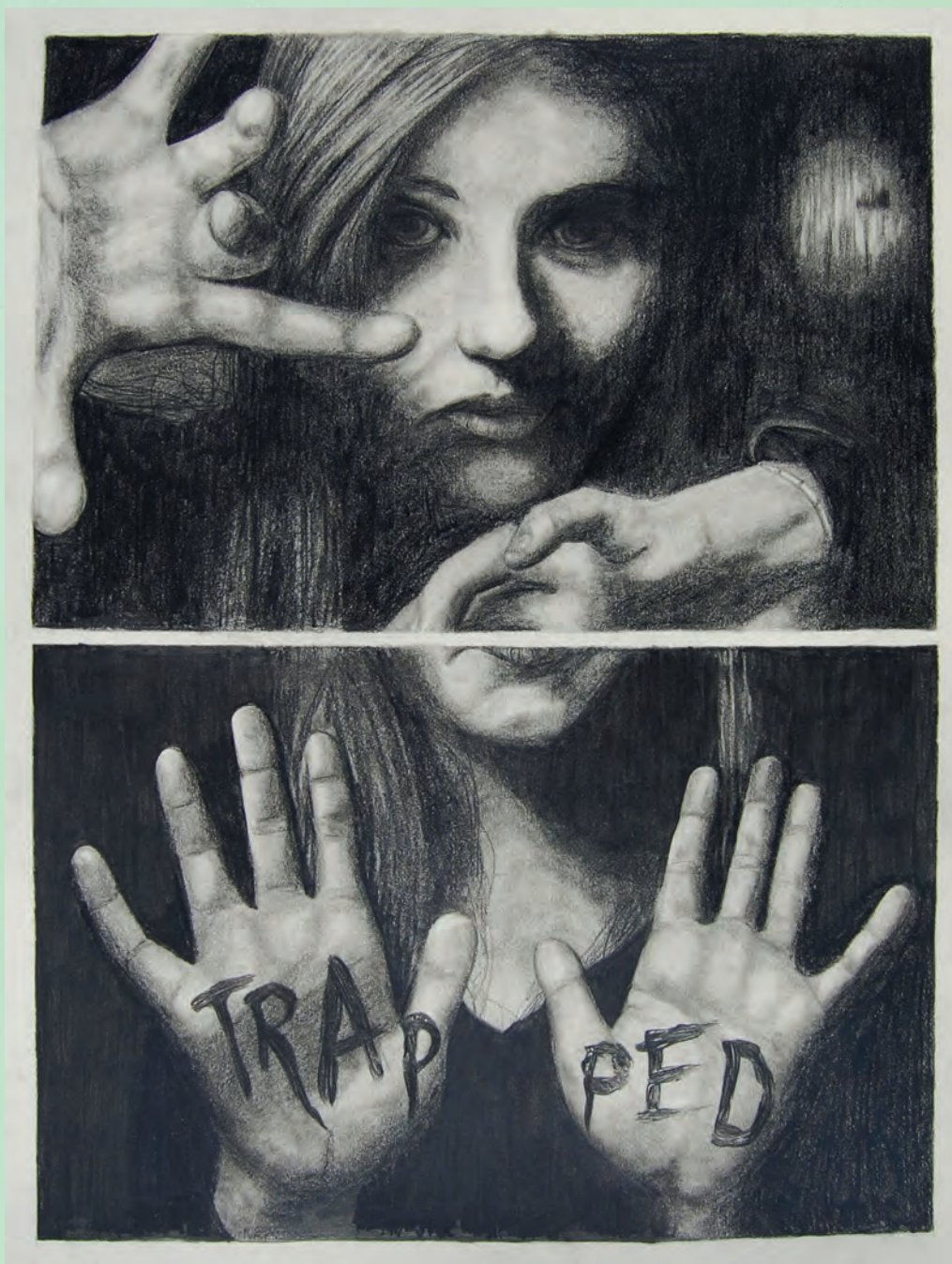
"What did you do?" Cecilia demanded. She scrutinized Amy's face, expecting to see a twitch or some sort of tell. There was nothing, not a hint of guilt. Amy remained calm, tranquil even. While her round face suggested complete innocence, the spark in Amy's eyes was devious. Maybe Amy was a bit like Cecilia after all.

"Stop chewing at your fingers. It's disgusting," Amy reprimanded Cecilia. Amy's fingers were healthy, the edges of her nails smooth. Cecilia looked down at her own nails, close to her lips. Their jagged edges taunted her. She picked up the file.

"Stop telling me what to do. We're talking about you, remember?" Amy was distracting her from the topic, another good ploy. Cecilia wondered when she learned these techniques. She must have been watching all the years, learning from observation. Those summer nights when Cecilia would stumble in at three in the morning, reeking of cheap vodka and smoke, to her mom sitting on the couch, wine in hand, watching late night TV. Amy would often be there, her head resting in their mother's lap, as their mom stroked her cheek gently, soothing her. Cecilia had always believed Amy was asleep or thought she was too young to understand. Maybe Cecilia didn't really care what Amy thought, it had nothing to do with her anyway.

"Does it matter?" Amy snatched the file out of Cecilia's hands, holding it hostage. She stared at Cecilia, her eyes rimmed with charcoal liner. Cecilia's eyes felt naked by comparison. "You know," Amy continued, "it wouldn't kill you to put some make up on once in awhile."

Cecilia couldn't remember Amy daring to say anything like that to her. She was usually neurotic about her makeup, never venturing outside without at least a smudge. Lately though, between work and community college, Cecilia hadn't had time to worry about her makeup. It was hard enough to roll out of bed each morning, even without a hangover.



STUCK IN A BLACK HOLE
JORDAN SZALA
PENCIL ON PAPER

"Whose eye liner is that exactly? It looks quite familiar. I'm guessing Cover Girl, waterproof?" Amy nodded. Cecilia would recognize her eyeliner anywhere. She had been wearing the same brand since she first started going to high school parties. It could withstand even her wildest nights out. "And why would you need waterproof eyeliner? What are you doing?" Cecilia asked again. She wondered how her little sister had avoided detection. Their mother always caught Cecilia; it was just a regular part of the cycle.

At first, Cecilia would try to sneak in, creeping through the broken screen door to avoid her mother. But the fights were inevitable, interrogations followed by accusations, so Cecilia stopped even pretending to care. Not that it mattered. Her presence seemed to make no difference in the course of the argument; silence led to screaming, talking led screaming, until eventually Cecilia and her mother would both be screaming and the neighbors would call in a noise complaint. Somehow, despite all the screaming, Cecilia always assumed Amy wasn't listening. Cecilia bit at her cuticle, trying to tear off a hangnail on her thumb.

"Does it actually matter?" Amy asked again.

"It matters. I need to know if what you're doing is dangerous," Cecilia answered. In a way, that was true. She didn't want to be responsible for anything that ensued from teenage adventures. It's not that Cecilia minded lying; she was actually quite accustomed to it. It was part of her lifestyle, a necessary component to keeping her parents happy. They wanted a good daughter: good grades, good looks, good behavior. Cecilia was good though, good at being bad. She was especially good at lying. Her parents would just have to rely on Amy to be the good daughter. So far, she'd been perfect at it. Though, now, Cecilia was beginning to question that. Amy could be good at lying too, maybe even better at it.

Cecilia examined Amy. She had thinned out; her cheek bones were a bit more pronounced, her stomach was flatter. Her dark eyes contrasted with her light, gingery hair. At her neck hung their mother's class ring, a sentimental gift for her thirteenth birthday. Cecilia had gotten a Tiffany's necklace for hers. She brought it up to her mouth now, sucking on the pendent. Her tongue traced the inscription: please return to Tiffany & Co. It was almost like a dog tag. If she was found dead, Cecilia would be returned to Tiffany's. She smirked darkly at the thought, imagining her mother's shocked dismay. It would be her final disappointment, an ending to live up to.

Amy was still watching her. Her thin lips were pursed and scrunched up towards her nose.

"Dangerous? Seriously? Since when did you start acting like an adult?" Amy was expecting Cecilia to be a willing participant in her rebellion. She had always criticized Amy, calling her a goody-two-shoes, a kiss-ass. She laughed at Amy's conservative clothing, how she refused to wear make-up. Amy's eyes, now thick with liner and mascara, narrowed at her sister. She was a hypocrite. She owed this to Amy after all her urging and insults. Isn't this what she had wanted all along? But Cecilia couldn't contribute to Amy's demise. Amy needed to remain the good daughter, for the both of them.

Cecilia glanced down at her cuticles, now perfectly manicured. Her thumb was bleeding, a ruby droplet expanding across her nail. Cecilia's metal instruments had finally betrayed her, their tips worn dull. She got up from the table, brushing past a stiff Amy on the way to the trash. Cecilia brought the silver tool up to her lips, kissing it before dropping it into its grave.

Holding

BY OWEN SCHREIBER POST

I go outside, to the back, where the cans are,
I dispose of the disposable.
Outside, the air is cool, yet warm, yet neither.

The air is numb, but sweet
And the trees, they are like the Sun.
None have ever seen its hiding spot.

None have ever seen it emerge.
But one knows the direction of the Sun.
Likewise the trees.

The sky is a purple light where the Sun has set,
But a darker purple where the Sun will rise tomorrow.
And there are clouds, visible, and purple, as well.

And one star.
That, the air, the trees, and the sky,
Those complete the outside.

Inside there is modern, with its comforts.
I will go inside soon.
But not now, now I breathe.



FACELESS
JOSIE CARRABINE
SILVER GELATIN PRINT

Black Holes Don't Exist But Aliens Do

BY GRACE BULGER

Third grade, to date, was the hardest year of my life. It was the year we moved away from the classic “check-minus,” “check,” “check-plus” system. We were no longer evaluated on our penmanship or our ability to play well with others- our entire beings were now being determined by a single letter. Who wouldn't be stressed?

That being said, I'd rather be learning my times tables than dividing polynomials.

The looming threat of an 'F' haunted me throughout the first three months of the third grade. It wasn't until we began our unit on outer space that the threat became a reality.

And so it begins: the story of my very first 'F'

The day started out in the simple, primary-colored routine: backpacks away in our cubbies, hang your coat, and sit down. I glanced at the schedule and noticed the topic of the day- I can still see it: outlined in orange construction paper, glaring off of the powder-crusting chalkboard: SCIENCE.

This got me excited, you know? We had just finished up our study of the human body. The unit was filled with diagrams, skeletons, and a show-and-tell performance of “stupid human tricks.” I don't need to see another dislocated thumb or folded eyelid in my lifetime.

What would become apparent in the next few days was that the tangible sciences were over: we were starting to study outer space.

We had studied it before, multiple times, but every year it was just our teacher telling us that outer space existed, but now we were strapping in to delve into the depths of space: black holes, stars, moon rocks!

I remember the doubt I had from the very first day.

Black holes? Please. Give me some proof. And I, for one, didn't see the moons of Jupiter dislocating themselves in the front of the classroom. Further, if you were trying to tell me that there are other stars bigger than the sun, you were out of your mind.

I held firm in my belief throughout the entire unit, up until the day of the test.

Please explain the parts of our solar system.

This was it. The opportunity to show her how I could “think outside the box” and give my opinion. This was a guaranteed ‘A.’ Maybe she’d even show my test to the class, show what a great student I was and what a creative outlook I had.

There is no such thing as outer space.

The loops of the ‘g,’ the connection between the capital ‘T’ and the ‘h.’ There, upon that page, was my entire worldview. My philosophy.

That night I was on edge, awaiting the crimson symbol of my individuality and non-conformity that I was sure would await me.

The next day, I walked into school, hurried to put my backpack back in my cubby, and sat down. My teacher walked to the board with a stack of paper in her hands. The tests. This was it.

“For the most part, you guys did a really good job. Here are your tests.”

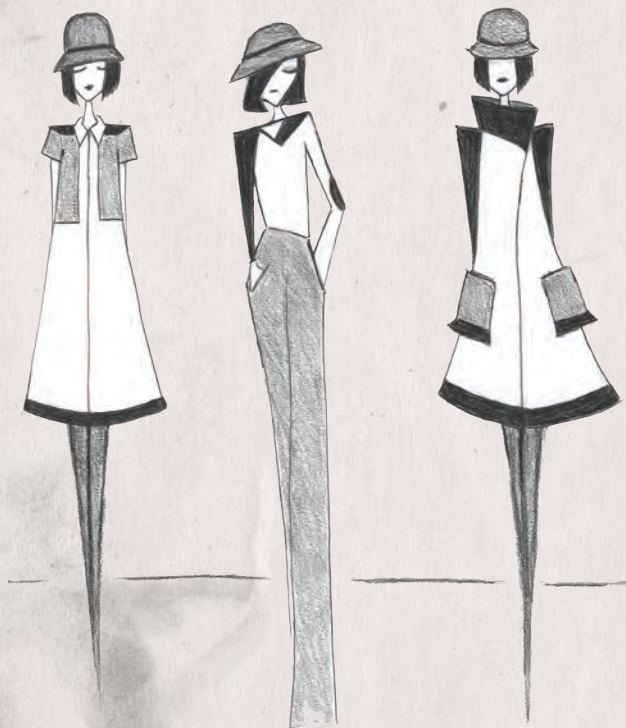
I looked into her eyes as she handed me the crisp, white packet.

I was outraged, offended! My entire worldview had been crushed. Everything I believed in was shot to hell. What about the proof? I was being persecuted.

I guess it was wrong for me to formulate, believe, and express such an obvious incongruity. The facts have been very clearly stated. I have since learned that there are stars bigger than our sun, and that black holes really do exist.

As I sit in physics and try to find the mass of Pluto, though, I always think back to that third grade test, the moment when I was told that what I believed was dead wrong.

Because after all, has anything really changed?



SKETCHES
MADELINE MOORE
FASHION DRAWINGS



MOONLIGHT OWL
GLORIA WILLIAMS
METALSMITHING



DRIP
KATRINA NILLES
LINOCUT

Metal

BY AMY BAZZONI

it seems as if
my body has been stripped
of its muscles and bones
and replaced with metal.
(but not the type that
makes you invincible,
not the type that iron man flaunts
or the type that protects you from the outside world.)
it's the kind that drags you down
the kind that rusts and peels
and slowly churns its last revolution,
creakily laughing
as you grind your gears
hopelessly into the earth.



MIDDLE: INNER WORKINGS OF THE HUMAN MIND
THERESA LUNDEEN

OIL ON CANVAS
LEFT/RIGHT: CLOCK N' PIPES
OIL ON CANVAS

Familiar Story

BY LIAM HELD

We all know the generic story
of the child receiving their dream present
one wonderful Christmas evening.
But how many are familiar with a far less discussed situation,
where the child is demoralized and distraught.

Christmas day is a peculiar day,
a day of ecstasy and disappointment:
uncle's new video game system perhaps, grandma's sweater.
It is purely hit or miss; it is success or failure,
but no one can ever be sure what the result will be.

The struggle between being one or the other,
a gracious receiver or generous giver.
As uncomfortable a situation as can be,
like a mother on mother's day,
unsure whether to give appreciation or receive it.



OFF THEIR ROCKERS
NATALIE KRAUSE
MIXED MEDIA

Cardiac Snack

BY SARAH BUTLER

"If you get hungry, they say, you start eating your own heart"
-Margaret Atwood

These canned peaches
and single-seeded moments
satisfy no more;
they only burden me with
boredom and a shrunken stomach
to match.

Days of this famine
dilutes my logic with drips
of poison; I skip
the polite sips
and chug.

I begin recalling my past
of spoon-fed kisses
and tasteless conversations,
as heartburn licks my ribs.
I strip the skin from my chest
and curse hunger's way
of turning love sour.
I reach into the cage,
and remove the cardiac snack
bearing the ability to please
my mind's appetite;
thoughts are already drooling.

I plug my nose
with the available hand,
linger for a second,
and devour.



LITTLE TROOPER
TYLER BEDNAR
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Dream Buildings

after "Imaginary Paintings" by Lisel Mueller

BY LAURA LANNAN

1. HOW I WOULD BUILD A HOME

Like mine.

Soft brick howling in the storm,
towels and brooms on the basement floor;
a family laughing over cold dinners.

2. HOW I WOULD BUILD A BEST FRIEND

With wooden blocks; colored like sun
through hanging glass.

Carefully –
it could topple
like ancient ruins,
and only a crumbling core
would remain
slightly standing
like the picked bones
of some conquered carcass.

3. HOW I WOULD BUILD A MOTHER

A powdery substance,
like pallid chalk,
disappearing like smoke
at rough touches.

4. HOW I WOULD BUILD A FATHER

Like a car,
or a train;
a moving motor,
chugging, constant,
a thumping motion
and a steady sound –
maybe a fan,
or a sound machine,
repeating ocean waves.

5. HOW I WOULD BUILD A MEMORY

In the winter time,
next to the fire place,
with packed snow from the yard.
Shaping it

with naked hands

going numb.

In the fires glow
my bare feet rest in wet
fabrics, sloppily mopping
the puddles.

6. HOW I WOULD BUILD A CHILD

I couldn't.

I would keep starting over, frustrated and laughing
myself to sleep.

Play-Doh, mud and stuffing
smeared, shamelessly, across my jeans.

7. HOW I WOULD BUILD A SUNSET

With mosaic pieces;
soft glass
chipped off a coffee mug,
or found underfoot,
smooth,
warped and churned by sea.

8. HOW I WOULD BUILD A LIFETIME

With my pen,
and the old typewriter.
With mommy's scissors
and daddy's glue.
With Lucy's paints
and Nora's threads,
with flowers and tissue
blue and yellow
glitter and old newspapers,
together on canvas,
some corners
overlapping,
hanging off the sides.

Armor

BY JOE MADDEN

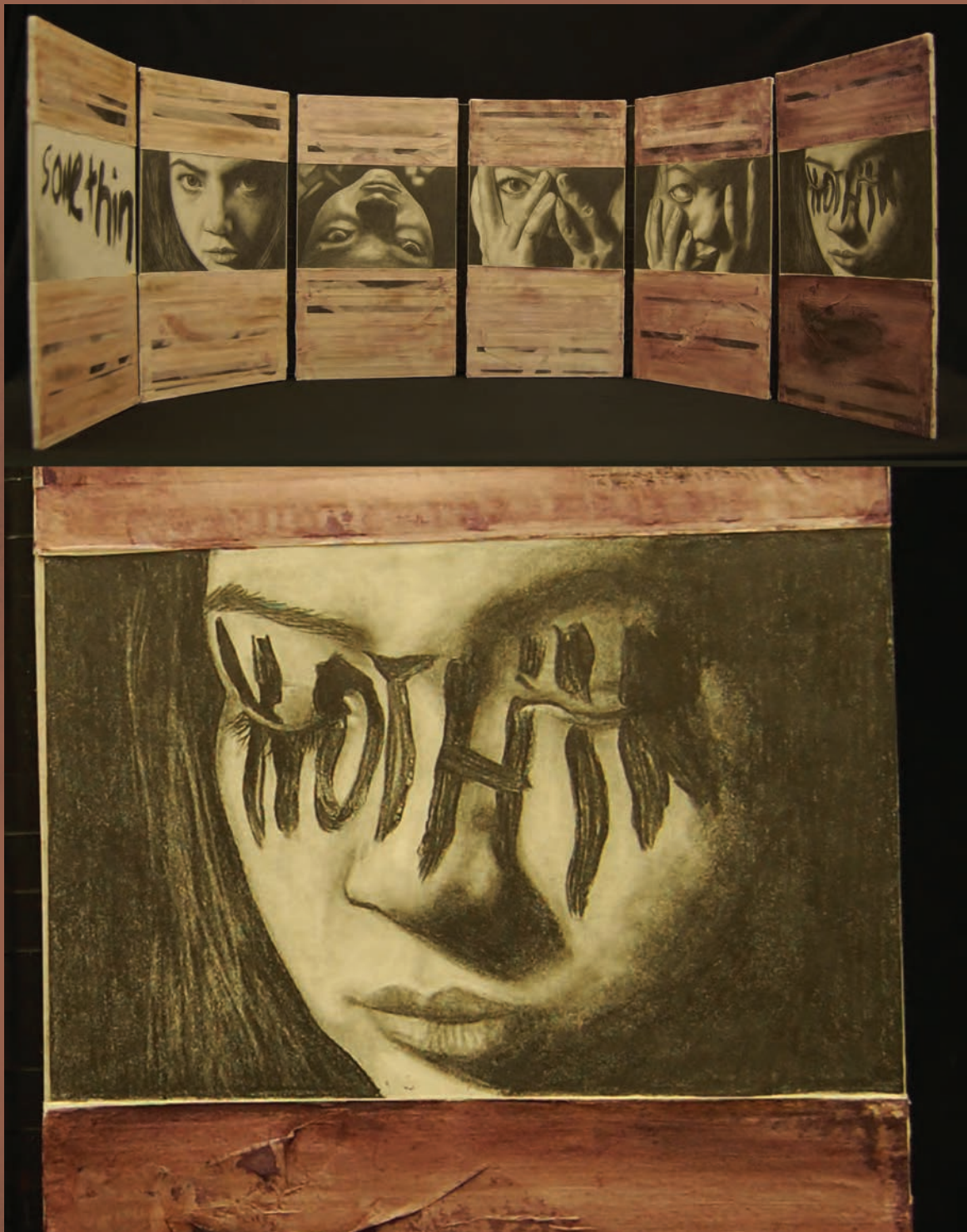
I stand in the middle of an empty lot, avoiding the inevitable. Or a lunch table. It is possible that I'm in an office, but this is less likely. I'm filled with dismay when I see them. They are arranged in a V-shape as they march over the horizon. They remind me of geese that are encouraging their leader, who has it the worst. However, this V-shape is far more malevolent, and this leader does not have it the worst.

The leader approaches me by calling me out on my most insecure subjects, particularly my weight. Or my appearance, or maybe even my height. I'm told I look too much like a girl, or maybe I look too much like a boy. She asks me a question, and I become flustered. They laugh at me. I deserve it, as I am too dumb not to be laughed at.

The leader then continues to verbally assault me. Each word is a blow to my core, and each word seems to lose its meaning, until the words become absent of significance, although the blows still hurt. Each time I'm told I deserve it. I believe that I deserve it. In fact, it is the only thing that I am sure of.

The leader, despite his miniscule size, seems to grow larger than the others. Or she may be growing prettier and thinner than the others. A menacing reddish hue emanates from the leader, which reflects on the companions. They seem to grow in the light - not in height, beauty, or thinness, but in power. Their smiles turn menacing, like them. I assume that the light is bouncing off of me as well, but not in the same way. I am positive it is portraying me as small, vulnerable. As myself.

I hear the sound of a ringing bell that offers me temporary solace. Or it is an alarm on a phone, but this is less likely. The leader shrinks down into his regular tiny size, or back to her below average looks or above average weight. Or it is possible that the leader does not change physically, but a mental abnormality has returned from its small absence in the conscience of the leader. The leader is still looking down on me. We walk back to the building, under the pretense of being a group, where the adult is looking down at me with pity in her eyes. I am not sure why she looks like this; I was only playing with my friends.



THE GHOST HAD A BRIGHT FUTURE ONCE
JORDAN SZALA
MIXED MEDIA



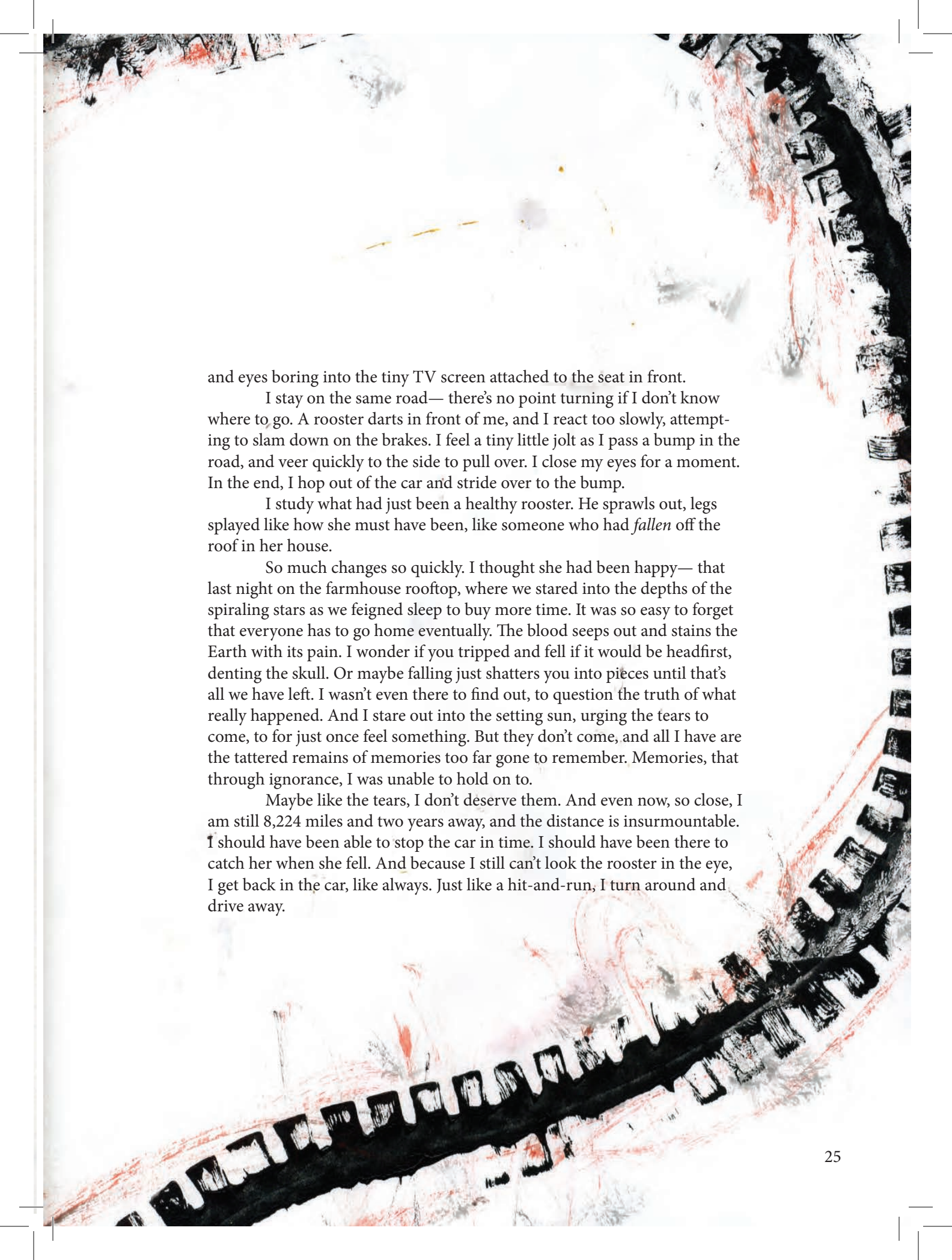
Roadkill

BY ANIKA RANGINANI

If you stare long enough, all you can see are the shapes. Zooming dabs of chili powder red and chameleon green in the gray contrasted by sharp edges so flat you could fall off, down into swirling sounds coming in such a rush it feels like silence. It was like that when they first told me the truth. I am left finding my place beside the yellow lines that had once been dotted. There are only the lines, straddling either side of the vehicle headed endlessly off into the distance. It's easy to forget where I'm going in the daze of colors and lines, even while scanning readily into the distance.

Perhaps I should be more nervous, but driving here is not all that different from where I learned. In the end, it doesn't matter if you are on the left side of the road or the right. I stay to the left side and let the angry drivers suffocating their horn make their way past me. Perhaps if I can continue to squint against the sun's accusatory glare I will eventually be able to make out the stumpy building. Even this is optimism; I know the building is obscured.

I don't even know if I'm headed in the right direction. Even though there's nothing I can do, I pound my cold fist against the unfaithful GPS, willing it to come back to life. My other hand gingerly grips the steering wheel amidst my confusion. When I drive I can feel the vibrations of the car thrumming through my body, lifting me above the filthy dirt. It's easy to let the power of the rented V8 engine rush through me as I barrel along the road, easy to let it hold me up because I can hardly walk on my own. It's only the car and me, and I slip into a momentary existence without the past and its guilt. I exist free of the memory of the words that writhed through me, even after 18 hours of stiff legs characteristic of economy class, a dry throat from mushy curry,



and eyes boring into the tiny TV screen attached to the seat in front.

I stay on the same road— there's no point turning if I don't know where to go. A rooster darts in front of me, and I react too slowly, attempting to slam down on the brakes. I feel a tiny little jolt as I pass a bump in the road, and veer quickly to the side to pull over. I close my eyes for a moment. In the end, I hop out of the car and stride over to the bump.

I study what had just been a healthy rooster. He sprawls out, legs splayed like how she must have been, like someone who had *fallen* off the roof in her house.

So much changes so quickly. I thought she had been happy— that last night on the farmhouse rooftop, where we stared into the depths of the spiraling stars as we feigned sleep to buy more time. It was so easy to forget that everyone has to go home eventually. The blood seeps out and stains the Earth with its pain. I wonder if you tripped and fell if it would be headfirst, denting the skull. Or maybe falling just shatters you into pieces until that's all we have left. I wasn't even there to find out, to question the truth of what really happened. And I stare out into the setting sun, urging the tears to come, to for just once feel something. But they don't come, and all I have are the tattered remains of memories too far gone to remember. Memories, that through ignorance, I was unable to hold on to.

Maybe like the tears, I don't deserve them. And even now, so close, I am still 8,224 miles and two years away, and the distance is insurmountable. I should have been able to stop the car in time. I should have been there to catch her when she fell. And because I still can't look the rooster in the eye, I get back in the car, like always. Just like a hit-and-run, I turn around and drive away.

BY PETER GAJEWSKI

I.E.
I used to think I was both.



WHEN THE SOUNDS STOP
MONICA DINH
OIL ON WOOD PANEL



I HAVE EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AND OMNIPRESENCE
PETER GAJEWSKI
ANALOG PHOTOGRAPHY ARRANGED DIGITALLY

A Tribute (to a Rock)

BY THOMAS KORENCHAN

Once there was a class
It was English
They spoke English
Speaking, speak, spoke
Prose and poems
Words that start with “P,”
and a potato.

What is school what is it
Fragmentation is a gift
and so are socks.

Tender Buttons
on a not so tender shirt
Why tender
What tenderer
When tenderful
Buttons with potatoes

and a piece of coffee.

Enthusiasm.

To My Paranoia

BY ACADIA FLOYD

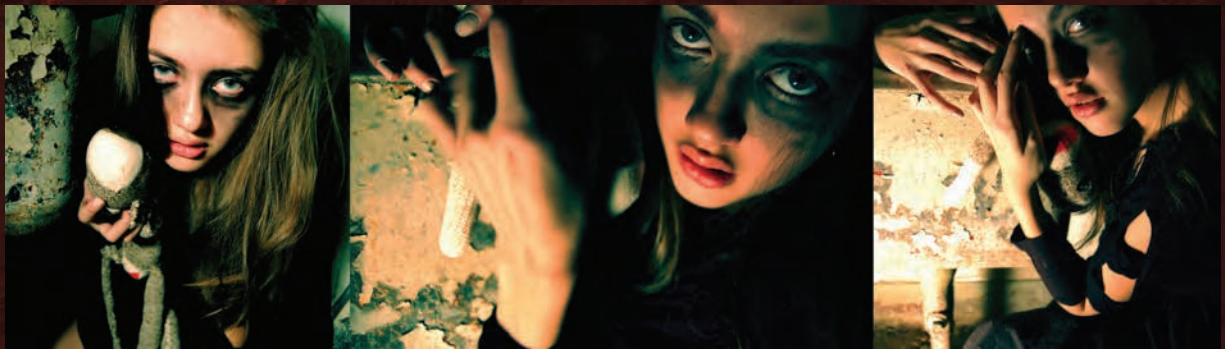
You come on like creaking floorboards in an empty house
or the stroke of ethereal fingers down my spine.
You arise in the form of a friend who holds my love in an upturned palm,
squeezes too tight, crushes it. An accident,
but you've still made my mind take a dip in black slime;
I am too suspicious, afraid. I hide it well, behind the disguise
of smiling eyes; they smile back, unaware.

You have all the influence of a conspiracy freak,
but your plague of doubt still infects my thoughts.
Everybody lies is your constant reminder.
You lean against dead wood walls and stare down the world
like its come too close, lips pulled back over rotted teeth
in a sickening sneer.

Innocence is foreign to you, alien and impossible.
Your chains and shackles spill thick like pitch and tar,
pooling in the pitted surface of your barred realm,
and people conspire in whispers
from behind the backs of hands.
I panic in silence when they aren't really looking.

I try to stay close by Trust's side,
but can find no comfort in its warm radiance.
My only guess is that you've been tampering with my thermostat.
It's become so miserably hot here.
I want to pat my neck with a wet towel, to stand
in front of some oversize fan,
but you've broken the water main, chewed the electrical cords.

I want to find your heart, to crush it beneath my boot,
to leave you behind, mangled, broken,
and never look back. But you're like a rat
scritch-scratching its way across my toes,
a blur of matted fur so fast
that every stomp of my foot never even catches your tail.



PROTECTED
GEORGIA SAUNDERS
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Summer Love: a Cento

BY SIRI YELAMANCHILI

Summer and sentences trickle
red blossoms of geraniums,
where July is hot with sand and orange.

You are sugar dissolving in water;
your fingers so many songs.

Through the silver pores of a screen door,
outside, the sky spirals in a pink.

Faith is in small things, she says.

That voice,
of a southern dawn and the only heat,
like lightning: electric.

Sources: [Simone Muench poems]



TEA TIME ADVENTURES
MARIEL MONTOYA

WATERCOLOR , COLORED PENCIL , AND ACRYLIC ON PAPER

In the Land of Lost Dreams

BY PAIGE DORE

Nine year-old Scarlet Brown spent a Tuesday evening feeling lonely, lost, and pitifully small. She huddled in the corner of her tiny bedroom, knees clasped to her chest, and listened as her angry parents shouted and screamed and hurled insults at each other across an apartment that had only moments ago been filled with laughter and the sound of clinking glasses. Her parents battled over an incident involving Mrs. Brown and one of her male dinner guests, completely oblivious to their small daughter curled up in her room who had silently begun to cry. Little Scarlet had overheard many fights like this one, late at night when her parents believed themselves to be in privacy. Scarlet had also overheard numerous whispered exchanges between her nosy neighbors, who seemed to thrive on the knowledge that the Browns' seemingly perfect marriage was in fact more scarred and brutal than their own dysfunctional relationships.

Scarlet was in that unfortunate stage of childhood where she was nearly invisible, both to her parents and to the neighbors who so carelessly and contemptuously picked apart the Brown family. She overheard much of what is deemed unfit for a child's ears, and even more of what is deemed unfit for anybody's ears. That particular night, unfortunately, was an example of the latter, and she listened with anxiety and growing fear as her beloved Mother and her dear Father continued to tear relentlessly into each other, for these nightly debates did not always end peacefully.

She thought back to the days when things were different. When her Mother and Father smiled when they thought no one was watching. She thought back to when she was their most treasured possession, back when they still noticed when she walked into a room. Scarlet used to dream of happy endings. Her parents would love and be loved, "La Vie en Rose" would play softly throughout the apartment while the family laughed and smiled, and all things scary and sad would be strictly forbidden to enter. In the early days, when shouting and screaming was still something that belonged to other families, Scarlet would watch her parents laugh together and dream of the day when she would be Mother too. She dreamed of her own house and a flowered apron for cooking, and little children that looked like her dolls to tuck into bed.

But on that Tuesday night, Scarlet's dreams had changed. She no longer wanted her house or her apron. She feared the day of becoming a mother. She hated the sweetness gone sour that clogged up the very air that she breathed and filled her home with discontent. Mother and Father did not laugh together anymore. She became invisible in the corner. The dreams she once cherished lay broken in her heart like the angry words she overheard in the dark. As she cried behind a closed door, she remembered the days before her dreams came crashing down around her, and left her shattered, alone, on her bedroom floor.



LOVE

BY MARGARET FARRELL

"Amour"

"It's beautiful"

comfortable

playful

everything

in

to smile

this is a

beginning of a new

willingness to
develop

a
moment

Socks

BY JORDAN SZALA

Do you know that feeling of putting on a new pair of socks?

You tear them out of the packaging and slip them onto your feet. When you set each foot down you can tell how you are just a little bit farther away from the earth than you used to be, how your heels don't seem so heavy anymore. But you realize that from this point on your socks will never feel this way again. They will go many places, only to be washed as an attempt to restore them to their untouched, comforting state. Each time you put them on you will be disappointed as you sink closer to the earth again. They will wear down until your heel rests on your shoes and the last threads holding that hole in the sock together fall apart. Dirt has taken up permanent residence within the stitches and has tinted their color. Eventually your mother will throw your socks away and buy you a new pair, and you won't bat an eye as they tumble into the garbage, stained from their use, carrying you, and all the places you've been, with them.

That's kind of what it feels like most of the time.



HOW ARE YOU FEELING?
MADELINE SIMMS
ACRYLIC ON PANELS



Mimosa pudica

BY ELIZABETH PISKORSKI

There once was a room full of plants,
banana shrubs six feet high,
and shrubs at my feet.


My favorite was the one
that closed its ferns
when anyone came near.

Just the filigree
of breath
against its cilia,
and it sealed itself off.

Open, it was so
intriguing,
willful,
that it enticed me to itself;
but when it
brought its green fingers
up to cover its face
I could not pick it out
from the others.



DOOR AND IVY
ERIK GROSSKOPF
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



FEATHER JEWELRY
MARY RADICE
METALSMITHING

Brooding Plumage

BY MARYCATE MOST

Up high, I take her under my wing
beneath the sheath of bright plumage,
shielding her face from the wind, snow, and rain
that fluster the tips of the wingfeathers.

Away from the bitter, biting air
she finds warmth and security
and learns only about the world
in which she lay
encapsulated.

Her wings are weakly, withering
unexposed to the color outside.
I become her mentor,
her mother; all that she knows
I have taught her.
She is aware of everything around her,
which accumulates
to nothing,
but the gray down of my wing.

And so there begins a brooding discontentment,
a growing unease
that colors her entire world graybrown,
souring the sweet taste of her youth.

Is she not thankful?
Does she not recognize the good I've done her?
Nothing else seems possible to her.
Her life limited
to what she has already seen.

In her youth she feels a weight against her,
crushed between two walls,
gasping for breath,
unable to dream a way out.

She lives unexposed to the talons
of the great squash-orange hawk,
to the damp dark nights trapped within a hollow oak.
Yet she never hears the sweet serenade of the wren,
never feels blood rush from wing to wing.

There exists a growing cavity,
soon filled by a malignant despair,
that creeps into her somehow.
A terminal condition, seeping in.
Trusting that I would show her the world,
give her everything she needed.
Allow her a life of privilege.
One that I never had.

Her wings grow heavy, disheartened,
unable to continue flying,
succumbing to the wind above.
From under my wing she sinks slowly,
powerless when faced with storms, from which
I saved her.

She looks around at that moment,
feeling the harsh whip of the wind,
creating a brief flurry of feathers,
An independent joy.
Soon stopped by the small thud
of her feet, body, and wings
hitting the ground.

Sweating Bullets

BY NICOLE LAFEVER

I shoot you.
He shoots you.
We all take aim and fire.

You feel the plunge of bullets as they sink into your skin,
Warping your mind into chaos.

Your hands begin to shake,
Your knees quiver.
Turn away,
Run!
But you can't.
Fear roots you to the spot.

The bullets within your flesh writhe,
Making you want to squirm
As you stand there,
Helpless.
But you can't.
The bullets won't let you.

There are too many!
Overpowering,
Plummeting at you from all directions.
(Hitting you square in the Eye)
(Right in the Heart)
(Directly in the Liver)

I shoot you.
She shoots you.
We all take aim and fire.

And as each sliver of metal strikes,
They drip back out,
Sliding down your skin
Like a viscous liquid
And dropping to the floor
With a clang.

Now you grasp the Pain
of
Sweating Bullets.

Paradelle for Time *(After Billy Collins)*

BY RACHEL ADDUCCI

Dear time, your words are immortal
Dear time, your words are immortal
Hold my endeavors and make them last
Hold my endeavors and make them last
Last words are immortal endeavors
Make your and my time hold them dear

Years blur in a life, fifty facts will leave you
Years blur in a life, fifty facts will leave you
Remember only my stories and the feeling to truth
Remember only my stories and the feeling to truth
In fifty years, you will blur the truth, facts, and stories
Leave only a feeling to remember my life

You move in a prolonged cycle I wish to end
You move in a prolonged cycle I wish to end
When I hear your silence, I forget to listen to the birds sing
When I hear your silence, I forget to listen to the birds sing
I wish to forget a prolonged silence; you sing, I listen in
I move to hear when your birds cycle to the end

Time, when fifty birds wish to hear my silence
I will sing to them and remember the only truth:
You are the dear years in my life stories,
You listen to words I make and blur facts in a feeling.
Leave, forget your prolonged endeavors,
End your immortal hold: I move to a last cycle.

PHOEBE
CHLOE TAUSK
WATERCOLOR ON PAPER



Would You Like Some Juice?

BY JAMES MCMILLIN

Sammy was a juice box. Or at least he pretended to be. Every day when he went to the second grade, he'd zoom over to school on his cardboard feet and line up to go inside. In line, he'd go up to a girl, and ask, "Would you like some juice?" an oh-so innocent question. Almost always, she would say yes. He would then reach into his Spiderman backpack, look up at the girl, and spit at her through his straw. As always, he'd watch as the girl started screaming, and he'd take a "no-no-moment" in the office. Despite their struggle, his parents' efforts were failing. They couldn't understand why he wouldn't grasp the simple fact that his mouth wasn't a straw, and that he was actually just spitting spit at girls.. What they didn't know was that Sammy had a crush. He was a second grade fool, who had but one thing that could make his heart pump faster than Speed Racer taking 1st prize. Mary Madison, the sweet little girl who lived three houses down and across the street, was the one of his desire.

Sam never spat on her, which was all he thought she needed to notice to get her hooked. His best friend Mac thought girls were "icky-cootie-balls," and said that Mary would only make Sammy sick. He told Sammy stories about the poor souls who fell victim to cooties, and who they would lie for weeks in bed with nothing to eat but broccoli. But Sammy didn't care. He would eat all of the broccoli on earth for Mary. In class he sat only one seat away from her! Sometimes when Brandon Sherman (the kid who sat between them) wasn't there, he would get to sit next to her. Those days were the best.

She was short and had short blonde locks to match. She always wore a butterfly necklace. But no matter how hard he tried, no matter what he did, the fact that he spat on girls was too disgusting for her. Mary always ran from Sammy, and he always kept right behind her. He needed to stop being a juice box. So he finally decided to pay attention to the next psychiatrist his parents had gotten him. There had been many, but none ever helped. And none ever stayed long.

Mr. Weebly was a tall, thin man. He smelled like that stuff that Sammy's parents drank from time to time. He had glasses that made his eyes look huge. They made him look even more like a weasel than he already did. Although Sammy never cared for psychiatrists, he thought he might as well listen for the sake of his princess. The Weasel man put a recorder on the table.

"Tho... Thammy," He spoke with a lisp, "do you like juith?"

"Not really." Sammy didn't like talking to adults.

"Do you believe you are a juith bocth?"

"Not really. I just pretend."

"Tho when you pretend, why do you thpit on girlth?"

"Well... There's this one girl. Her name is Mary."

"Have you thpit on her?"

"No. She's the only one I don't spit on... I... like her."

"Tho thath why you don't thpit on her?"

"Yeah. I'm scared she won't like me."

"Oh! Well hereth the problem young man. Think of fear like a fire. The more fuel you give it, the bigger it geth, and the more power it hath."

"So you're saying I just have to go up to her and talk to her?"

"Exthactly."

Sammy almost didn't have the courage. After two days of being a human instead of a juice box, and not spitting on anybody, he finally went up to her.

"Hi." He walked up to her slowly. She smacked him, and it was all too much for him. He passed out.

• • •

When he awoke he smelled cough syrup and an old person. He was in the nurse's office.

"You fainted when Mary slapped you." The Nurse laughed, "What did you do?"

"I said hi..." That was all Sammy could say the rest of the day.

When Sammy's parents asked what he did that day, he just replied, "I said hi." When they wanted to know what he wanted for dinner, his answer was, "I said hi."

Sammy couldn't figure out what to do next. He thought what the psychiatrist had told him would work, but it was a failure. Mr. Weebly did get one thing right. Sammy couldn't be scared about this. If he was just going to be scared that Mary would never accept him, it would never happen. He needed to boy up and figure out how to get to her. The only problem was that he liked being a juice box. But he had to move on.

Everyday after school, he would spend hours formulating plans, only to end up crumpling each sheet of paper into a ball and throwing it into the garbage can, like he saw on television. In school, rather than focus on the lesson, he would keep looking over at Mary and focus on his plan. He tried saying hi again one day, and got the same result, except that time he didn't pass out.

He finally came up with a plan. He would ask her if she wanted some juice, and then actually give her a juice box. So he went up to her the next day before school.

"Hey, want some juice?" He had a juice box in his hand in front of him.

"How 'bout you have some." She spat on him, and she laughed. Sam ran off. He ran home. He cried and cried, until all of the water in his tear ducts had soaked into his pillow. After, his throat was sore and there were no tears left to cry; he just kept punching his pillow. It was all over. She hated him, and he knew there was nothing else he could do. Both of his parents were at work, so he just sat until they got home. He didn't have any dinner that night.

He slowly made his way to school the next day. He went to the wall right outside the second grade door, and sat against the wall with his head down. Two minutes later he heard a thump next to him. A juice box was resting there. He quickly looked up to see Little Mary Madison walking away. At recess that day she walked up to him. She smiled, "Hi."

Regretting Royalty

BY KELSEY WILP

I could have had any one of you.
I could have commanded
that green net
to capture a brother
or a sister of yours.

I chose you.
The big one.
Your scaled stomach swollen,
eyes bulging,
tail in a plume
behind you.

A streak of orange weaving in between your
stagnant orange subjects.
You were the King
of the tank.

You deserved a kingdom.
The finest castle was placed atop pebbles.
You were the lone ruler
of your aquatic abode.

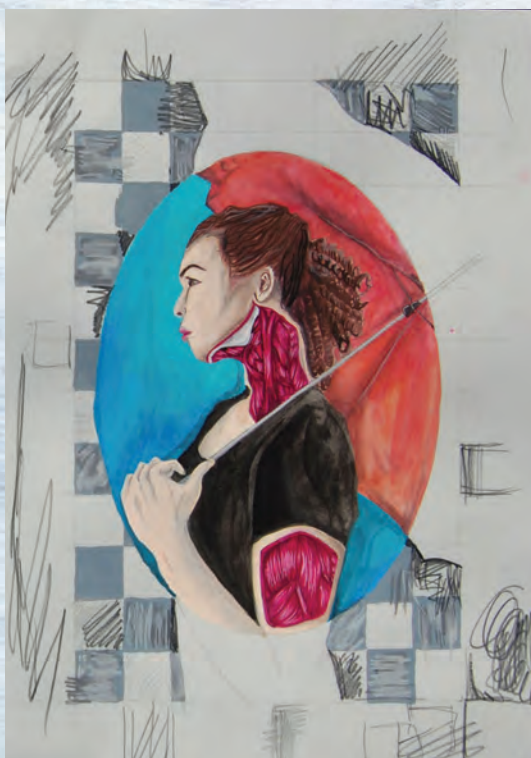
You were laid to rest
two short days into your reign.
Poured down the porcelain portal,
your last swim through the whirlpool
of the river Styx.

In those two days,
I could have spared a glance
into your glass universe.
You were the ill-starred monarch
of my choosing
who I paid for
but paid no attention to.

But who could regret
to have once been in the presence
of a King?



SELF-PORTRAIT
JESSICA MILLER
CHARCOAL ON PAPER



ANATOMY
QUINCE NEALE
GOUACHE AND PENCIL ON PAPER



Rebirth

BY ELIZABETH DENEEN

Face it. There's only a select few to whom happiness is handed, if they exist at all. As for the rest of us, we're going to have to be scrappy. We'll have to seek out the feeling manually. Maybe dealing it in street alleys, maybe passing it off under the table, maybe we're going to have to steal bits of it in between periods of hell.

But that's the point, isn't it?

Maybe happiness is a little more pure against a backdrop of mud. Maybe cashmere feels better against skin that's rough from exposure. Maybe the stars really are the brightest on the blackest of nights, and food does taste sweeter to those who are starving.

And I guess we've known that in the back of our minds all along, but I think the thing that I'm realizing now is that maybe it's worth it. Maybe the extra appreciation of the warmth of the sun on your skin justifies the weeks and weeks of cold. Not all the time- that would be ridiculous- but at least some of the time. Maybe someday we'll find that it all evens out and the joy even exceeds compensation for the pain.

And we just have to trust that if it gets so bad that we want to die, then we'll know that it's only a matter of time till we're reborn.



CUPCAKE KITTY
MARIEL MONTOYA
SILKSCREEN

Documented

BY KAT EGAN

Sometimes, George's legs felt very far away. When he closed his eyes and listened to the whir of the film reel, his toes felt like they were floating in the middle of the ocean. It was as if, bone by bone, his body disassembled itself and crept away from the little dark room at the top of the theater. Then, when George opened his eyes to turn off the projector, they would race home and snap back into place before he could see that they were gone. But he knew his feet went on trips with his ankles, scurrying to exotic places by the sea. He knew his shins and thighs were in cahoots, waiting for the next opportunity to escape him, the same way he knew when his girlfriend was about to leave. George could sense these things.

It was a talent he'd developed over the last ten years, watching hundreds of moviegoers file in and out of the theater, completely unaware of his presence. After George put on a film and dimmed the lights, he'd peer into the crowd and get to know his company. Today, there was a teenage couple in the back row, also getting to know each other. It amazed George that they seemed to have a total sense of privacy, that they couldn't feel George watching them. Most people didn't though, his girlfriend certainly hadn't picked up on it. He scanned the theater below, hoping to find a more interesting story amongst the lice-infested chairs and heads. It was Wednesday, and slow.

George always resisted working these shows, filled with the generic tales of the elderly and children. They seemed to be the same, both at a stage in life where they could neither chew food nor walk very far. There was nothing for George to film.

He'd been working on a documentary for years, piecing lives together show by show. He was pretty sure it was illegal, but so were half the activities that took place in a theater. George had recorded everything from indecent exposure to underage drinking. The cool dark crept around George as he watched it all take place, engulfing everything around him until all he could see was the lens of his camera.

Suddenly, a light spread across the room, creating a glare on the glass of George's camera lens. George could see the reflection of a figure in the open doorway, hand frantically searching the wall for a switch. George squinted into the light, blinded. But he could tell by the panicked gasps coming from the shadow that it was Linda. She'd always been afraid of the dark.

"Linda, calm down. The switch is over here," George stood up, using his body to obstruct her view of the camera. He'd promised Linda he would stop filming in the theater. "Let's talk in the hall," he gestured out the door. The sooner George could get her out of his room, the better.

"Sure George," Linda sighed, relieved. She looked George in the eye, maintaining at least three feet of distance between them. Ever since their breakup, Linda had been perfectly professional. Too bad George knew what she looked like under her manager's uniform. A lot of things can happen in a movie theater.

"What is it Linda?" George asked, exasperated. He inched the door shut behind him and lowered his voice. If only he could document everything.

"It's Ms. Donahue. George, I'm sorry about our 'misperception,'" she air quoted the word and paused before continuing. "But I'm your boss and I can't have you acting like there was ever anything more between us..." As Linda continued to deny their relationship, George thought about the end of it. They had been in his basement after a pleasant date. She had gushed about his interest in documentaries and gushed about wanting to see his work. George had decided to show Linda the films of people in the theater, his snapshot of life. She had been silent, frozen in the middle of George's basement. Finally, she had torn her eyes off the screen and looked at him. She eyed him differently after that, like a liability. George knew then, it was over. She couldn't comprehend the beauty of his work. All that was left of their time was the films he'd made of it.

Linda was staring at him.

"Do you understand? Are you listening?" She narrowed her eyes at him, willing him to play along. George nodded. The theater had strict rules about dating, especially amongst managers and employees.

"Oh I understand, Linda. I had forgotten that I had misperceived things. Too bad it was all

in my head... and my camera, too," George muttered, looking back towards his perch over the theater. When they first started dating, Linda had been enchanted by George's passion and knowledge of films, his dreams of creating his own. He'd trusted her, thought she would appreciate the beauty of his tapes and their potential, his potential.

"What? You filmed me?" Linda gasped, her face contorting into a mask of disgust. George stepped closer to Linda, until he was almost leaning over her in the cramped hallway. He had finally filmed something powerful, something Linda wouldn't ignore.

"Don't worry, it's nothing personal. But you probably shouldn't tell anyone. You know, let's keep this between you and me," George patted Linda's shoulder. She flinched.

He watched her stunned face a minute longer, reveling in his small victory before returning to his cave above the theater. George left her in the hall, locking the door behind him. As he settled back into his chair, George closed his eyes to replay the moment in his head, feeling its power throughout his body. He wiggled his toes, the tips alive with adrenaline. He was confident they wouldn't be traveling anywhere without him anytime soon.



SIFTING MESSY PASTS
MONICA DINH
DRYPOINT

The First Move

BY ELLIE ALTHOFF

My naïve feet stumbled,
as I met the house's smirk
with audit eyes.

The door, coerced
into a widened stance,
permitted our imposing
entrance.

The menacing stairs whispered
into my innocent ears
as I reluctantly climbed.

I neglected my food
at the table whose
legs shook and body was loose,
prepared to attack.

Clutching my familiar pillow,
I evaded sleep –
as shadows lurked,
waiting for my patience to falter.

Now, this home and I exchange grins
when I return,
our door welcomes my familiar touch,

our stairs speak with a warm
tone, as I ascend,
and our table sways to rhythmic
conversation over pasta.

Now, at night,
I greet the shadows
with a wise smile –
aware of their absent
power, in my home.



FACELESS PORTRAIT 1
MADELINE GRODEK
SILVER GELATIN PRINT

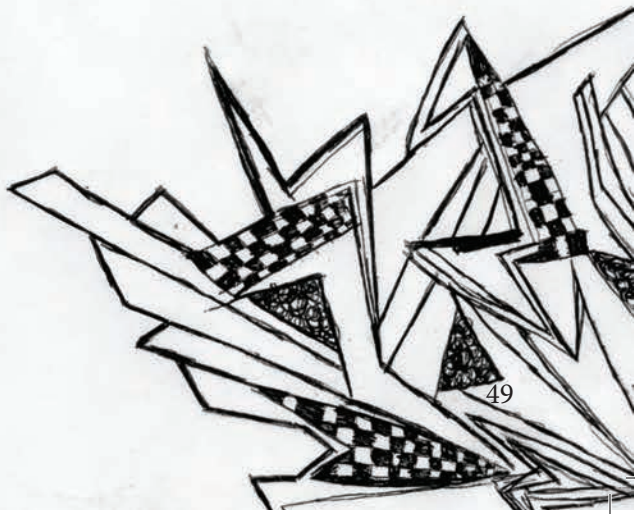


The Paradoxes of Manolescence

BY MICHAEL STEWART

I rolled out of bed this morning the exact same way I have rolled out a million times before. Same toothpaste, same pj's, same shower, same shampoo. Except today, something is different. I'm different, or at least I'm supposed to be. Right now, I'm supposed to be browsing the home shopping network, blowing my hard earned money on Snuggies and OxiClean. I'm supposed to be buying lottery tickets, smoking big fat cigars, and going to the places advertised on raunchy highway billboards. I'm supposed to be a man, but I'm not. The government has decided that today I have traveled around the sun just enough times to be bestowed all the responsibilities of a man, yet with the privileges of a child. In the eyes of America, I am the hybrid of adult and kid. I am the crossroad of man and adolescent. I am "The Manolescent."

Today, as a Manolescent, I am old enough to be drafted to fight a war 7,000 miles from my house, while last night I could be fined for walking in my own neighborhood past 11 o'clock. I can now sign my own permission slips, but still need my parents to call me in sick. I can rent my own apartment, but still cannot rent a car. I can change a man's life with my jury vote, but still cannot decide to stay home from Thanksgiving dinner at my grandmother's house. I can finally buy Playboys, and read them just for the articles. I can have doctors withhold information from my parents, but cannot afford the medical bills without them. I can scan for landmines in Kuwait, but still can't scan a bottle of wine in the Dominick's checkout line. I can be tried and convicted as an adult, yet it's still mandatory for me to make up missed heart rate monitor runs in gym. So, yeah, I'm 18. I'm old enough to buy a rifle but not a pistol. Old enough to buy a cigarette, but not a six-pack. Old enough for my mom to enlighten me about all my wonderful newfound responsibilities that dramatically suffocate all my newfound privileges. Today, I am half a man, with half the rights, who's still half a kid, and half oppressed. Today marks my first step into the paradoxical world of Manolescence. Happy Birthday to me.



Lips Woven Into Purpled Night: a Cento

BY MARYCATE MOST

A vacancy strategically placed
forms cloud with his mouth--
Our hands purpled with berry stain and blood
in its absence of color
and the sun's red glare.
We stumble and stutter our way through dissipating dark.
You are the most beautiful person I have ever seen.
It is Sunday and all day I have paced
in the late afternoon.

Somewhere the moon sifts through a crack
behind the trees, the river;
broken mouths, red clouds.
Dominoes click together,
like the words of childhood.
The night is woven into our clothing,
coming together like a button closing
unclosing two sides of a shirt.
She scripts her lips into a kiss,
purples with berry stain and blood.

Sources: [Simone Muench poems]



HANDS
CLAIRE MOLEND
COLORED PENCIL ON PAPER

Onlookers

BY MAGGIE MORAN

*And those who were seen dancing
were thought to be insane
by those who could not hear the music.*
-Friedrich Nietzsche



DOCUMENTARY
NICOLE RANIERI
SILVER GELATIN PRINT

The critics commit to their stance at the fence,
their eyes slits of prejudice,
and lips puckered in disgust.
With steel spines and a skeleton
roped with hardened muscles,
they observe through a condemning lens.

In the yard beyond, the scene pulses
with a mysterious freedom.
A kaleidoscope of limbs
twirls with graceful brilliance.
It disturbs the onlookers,
who tower in stagnant silence.

Like grown-ups at the zoo,
they examine the caged insanity.
What's more foolish than a dance
without music?
Their narrow gaze sees only
a group wasting in muted madness.

But beyond the pickets,
the dancers drift
through a boundless stream of melodies.
Their viewers' ears are plugged with judgment,
but swimming in their private song,
they don't open their eyes to notice.



MOVING THROUGH
MARY SMYERS
SILVER GELATIN PRINT



CITY LIFE
HALEY PROKASKI
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



HAIR
JACOB DUTLER
SILVER GELATIN PRINT

Transcript of the Presentation to the International Whaling Commission

BY STANFORD PROFESSOR BERRY ALLEN

"Good Evening. My colleagues Dr. Grant Schmogan and Dr. Mitchel Worldoblin were asked to study the increase in tropical storm and hurricane ferocity occurring over the past two decades. Our research led us to the Pacific Ocean where increases in the El Niño current patterns were affecting the global climate scheme.

'After months of research and time at sea, the observation was made that there were increasing concentrations of methane and sulfur occurring in the Pacific Ocean. It was then that we witnessed a giant bubble break through the waters surface.

'The *Physter Macrouephalus* <points to picture> or the Sperm Whale creates 10,000 liters of flatulence a day. This number, while negligible in comparison to the combined total of flatulence produced by all aquatic life, is dangerous in such high concentrations. The whale species, as a whole is contributing to massive changes in the weather patterns.

'Our research is being widely accepted in the scientific community. Nobel prizewinning mathematician Dr. Snooty McFruity's research into Chaos theory has proved the correlation in the increasing flatulence to the global climate patterns. <cough, cough> Excuse me. In addition, biologists Dr. Beth Floogelstien of the University of Cambridge and Dr. Steve Blobbel-Dobbel of Florida State University have been studying whale behavior over the past few years.

'The whales appear to be developing greater egos. They behave more erratically, especially in close proximity to other whales. Their increase in flatulence is most likely correlated with their obnoxious and abhorrent behavior' Dr. Blobbel-Dobbel wrote.

'The increase in the whale ego (Latin *leggo mi eggo*) is not new. Since the late Cenozoic Era where the last of the Megalodon and giant Crocodiles died off in the early years of the ice ages, whales have had no natural predators. Their brash attitudes have only gotten brasher. As they became more presumptuous, their flatulence has become more pungent. Gradually, the ice melted, yet in recent years, the anti-whaling community has nurtured the rise of a whale super ego. These advantageous creatures are passing gas at an alarming rate.

'My colleagues and I beg you to eliminate any restrictions on commercialized whaling and terminate all anti-whaling programs. If not, our earth will face heavier storm seasons and more drastic climate change effects. <Presents whale/flatulence diagram> We ask that you add no special circumstances for young or adolescent whales, for they are the most obnoxious of all, and also for old whales, whose flatulence is the most concentrated and strong.

'Please, for the sake of the international community, give the order to begin the slaughter of these disgraceful creatures. Thank you."

Perfezione

BY ANONYMOUS

The elegance and beauty of her is one that is indescribable through mere words. We only knew her through her friends. We were aware of her, of course. What man wasn't?

She was elusive in our presence, always needing to be somewhere, or be with someone. She was surrounded by a hurricane of social activity, a firestorm of praise by her peers. Yet she dealt with it so sophisticatedly that her personality only grew with her exalted status above the rest of us.

All knew her by first name. There was no questioning who one was speaking of when her name passed their lips, rolling off of the tongue. It was reserved solely for her, for only she had the proper qualities and traits that would award her such a beautiful name.

The name bounced fluidly off of mouths, and time seemed to slow as her name was taken in, a gift for the mind, the ears, and especially the soul when pronounced.

An instant recollection raced to our minds when we heard her name. A moment that only one of us and she could have experienced together. It stuck out in our minds, and we remembered it so vividly, in such great detail. Surely only one man and she could have done the things the two of us shared in, no matter how long or quickly one knew her.

Yet this was not the case.

Although engulfed by the masses that flocked around her, desiring for her attention, she stood out with such vivacity.

She made the time for whom she deemed worthy enough, and the recipient made their entire schedule fit around her. She defied laws of physics, for she was truly an immovable object that created a great force to surround her and insure that it pleased her. While the moment we experienced with her was a one of a kind and original, incredible, amazing memory to be forever engrained into our minds, she was indifferent.

For this was the price she paid when all wanted to be her, let alone be around her. It was her duty to create these incredible memories for her peers to cherish for eternity.

And she did it all without one exerted force of effort. That is what made her so desirable.

She was adored by all. Unkind words, let alone thoughts, were not composed of her. For she represented everything the rest of us wanted to be, to embrace.

Her poise was flawless. Her hair, whether some of us yearned to brush it in the morning, or simply stroke it in our arms, knowing she was ours, was immaculately colored, and invited us, who seemed so estranged from her, to approach her. Her skin was softer and smoother than any substance we could ever dream of finding in our wildest imagination. A bronzed color made her face radiate, highlighting her other perfect features. The curved, naturally pink lips and her occasional freckle were all placed in the correct spots that only a Creator, far more powerful than anything we can conjure in our minds, could gift her.

Her eyes.

Those profound, cavernous, intoxicating eyes. Eyes that were truly deeper than any ocean or body of water. For they were not blue, but dark and black, deep enough to contain the whole universe inside of them.

In those eyes she held answers to all of our problems, and should we be lucky enough to be graced in her presence, maybe she would let us in on one of these answers.

Her character and manner cannot be justified through meager language. Her flowery personality bloomed into such an outstanding and wild animal; it frightened those who could not be her.

While she was indifferent to her extraordinary gifts - bestowed upon her by a being that truly looked to torment the souls of us that could not bear her - of beauty, intelligence, humor and elegance, all simply spectated. And with this all we could do was hope. Pray, believe, wish.

There was never a quiet moment for her, and yet it looked to be the one thing she desired more than anything else. Serenity, peace and calmness. She embodied all of these traits so naturally.

While she had been given so many gifts of indescribable joy, the gift she gave to the rest of us was simply being in our presence; forever to be immortalized in our conscience.



ARE WE PRETTY YET?

LINDSEY HERBERT

MIXED MEDIA

Bartolomé

BY CLAIRE QUINLAN

a sharp rock is a thing of beauty
cutting and bruising the clouds above,
and I am here to catch it when
it falls down to that hidden cove.

I hug it to my heart and say
there's nothing else I could ever love.

the leather boot plods along
in the sand, the grass, the mud,
to find that hot black stone for you
to kiss it like your soul, so proud.
though that belief is tough and cool,
there is nothing else I could ever love.

I need to give it back to you
to bite your heartstrings, always taut,
the stone is your life, along with me
you will not take it back, but put
the rock back in the clouds above,
there is nothing else I could ever love.



BUSY BEE
EMMA HEINZ
METALSMITHING

My Favorite Doll

BY STEPHANIE CORDERO

My favorite doll-
I didn't receive it for Christmas
or New Year's, or my birthday.
I received him
on September 8, 1997.
I was two years old.

I couldn't throw
him under my bed when my room was messy,
or allow my dog to use him,
rip him apart
as she did with other chew toys.
He was bigger than my favorite Barbie,
but still made a good enough Ken.

I could still dress him up
and make him Mister Princess
and scribble makeup on his
big little head.

Most of all,
I could guard him.
I could be the secret service
that surrounds him at all times
to keep the bad guys away -
or hopefully,
the girls
away.

Now, 15 years later
I still have him -
except he isn't
little anymore.

His height has surpassed mine,
and now he keeps
boys away.



IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING
TYLER BEDNAR
SILVER GELATIN PRINT

Model in the Nude

BY MONICA DINH

When the robe cascades like waterfalls and the gazes come in droves, a figure stands naked at the easel axis. What does it take, to drop everything and leave it there on boot-scuffed tiles? To stand alone in absolute liberation, and yet – pinned like a subject of dissection; needle-sharp eyes that pierce from every angle, precise as scalpels; butterflies skewered to the lining of her stomach. Bile rises at the cold calculation that burns into her frozen form. She cannot melt, though she aches to – limbs supported by Nothing, like puppetry with severed strings. She becomes incarcerated by the brutal honesty of every sketch; they highlight her inadequacies. In her noiseless poise she is standing, standing. Is it courage, to bare and bear it all? This visual evisceration summons from the charcoal smears her image in grotesque authenticity. Truth without apology, she stands in a myriad of angry mirrors. And she is beauty far beyond any philistine revulsion.



REFLECTED
GEORGIA SAUNDERS
COLOR ANALOG PHOTOGRAPHY

Spelling Bee

BY KATE HEINZ

1. HOW I WOULD SPELL THE PAST

p-o-i-n-t
o and i and n dreaming
of what used to be,
aged novels wedged between
two bookends - on the left, the current
p of the present,
and to the right, tomorrow's
eager t.

2. HOW I WOULD SPELL DESPAIR

a-b-a-n-d-o-n-m-e-n-t
Long and painful
as if the word itself knew
and loved
the feeling. Carnivorous syllables,
parasites to their host letters.

3. HOW I WOULD SPELL HOPE

a-b-a-n-d-o-n-m-e-n-t
The letters haven't left
each other yet.

4. HOW I WOULD SPELL WINTER

b-l-a-n-k-e-t
The sound of the snowy a
covering the world
in a quiet duvet.
The nestled e
hibernating
within the branches
of trees k and t.

5. HOW I WOULD SPELL LOVE

t-b-d

6. HOW I WOULD SPELL THE TRUTH

w-o-r-d-s
Shouted, heard, and whispered
past taut lips, grasping
an honest seed
that when exposed to sunlight
blooms into a garden of eloquent
wild roses.



SPLASH
ERIK GROSSKOPF
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



SUN HALO
NATALIE KRAUSE
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

The Dancer *(After Lu Yu)*

BY BRIDGET MCDOWELL

Do you know the young man who
danced in Manhattan?
He dreamed on rooftops like a flightless bird,
tested his jeté, his feathered ballet,
in the hopes of taking flight.
He bedded down in faded trophies,

nested and netted by his silver
and bronze medals, those mediocre feathers
that threatened collapse. His bird's eyes
turned to the skies and watched his
soaring blue-winged neighbors, the red
breasted leap of one in the troupe nearby.
His muffled chirp betrayed
his doubt, though every day

the wind promised lift.
Beak down, despite the ground,
he told himself he didn't care
about the streak in
the clouds, the powder down
left in the wake of blue feather dust
or the red spread against the sky. Weren't
they doomed to fall after all?

What did it matter, he thought
when he pirouetted and tripped,
that his wings were too small from the start?

But who could have known that
my sudden Spring rain would loosen
his medal nest tangle, and he
would soon find himself
dangling from his concrete perch,

a featherless, naked dancer
in a final test against gravity.



DANCE COSTUME
RACHEL SHAFER
FASHION

The Vanilla Candle

BY LAURA MCALLISTER

Snowflake 43289, who went as Brad, loved his shape. He loved his long spindly limbs that extended in six directions and swirled around into lacy perfection. Snowflake 19384, or as most knew her, Greta, had bumped into him on the way down from the clouds and chipped his favorite arm, which was incidentally directly above his head. Or below, or to the side of, because as he spun around dizzily it fell in all directions.

Brad had heard about cities before: always colorful, never silent. But this was nothing like the turmoil he had heard about. All around was peace, tall graceful black structures that rose into the sky, so crystal clear he could see his reflection in them. Dim, flickering orange went on all around and below; above, the stars were vibrant in the gaps of the clouds. It was the perfect place to land.

* * *

At the same time, Mark sat alone in his apartment, staring at the phone like it would ring – even though the power was out and the phone wasn't working anyway, and he knew that Grace would go back on her promise to call him. She always went back on promises like that. Their relationship was deteriorating rapidly, and that thought alone was what glued his eyes to the phone.

Mark's fingers slithered together like snakes; Mark's throat was all tied up in a confused knot. His lips kept finding themselves between his teeth. The lips remembered the color of Grace's lipstick when he'd met her: red, like sweet cherries, and when they kissed, it tasted like vanilla. Mark himself was still confused by this but accepted it as part of the love he had for her. His mind, which went mad with the thought of her even now, even as she was slipping away.

In anger, he knocked the candle over and out of the window.

* * *

Brad was filled with sweet sentiment as he toppled slowly. He was already below the horizon where the orange lights began in the sky. Below him was a thick pile of his own brothers and sisters, and he aimed to join them. Maybe Greta was down there. He was then angry with himself for thinking of Greta. The two had grown up together in the highest levels of their cloud mother and were separated for the first time when she'd playfully bumped him and he'd been too peeved to follow her, too peeved over his stupid limb, over his stupid vanity. Suddenly, the silent world of the city seemed distant and hollow instead of serene. He didn't want to join the others at the bottom. But he couldn't control his destiny. At the beginning of life, when ice particles formed at high altitudes, snowflakes are instantly cursed with falling: just falling and falling without having a hold on the reins.

* * *

Something fell from high above. The light gave off heat, winging him against the limb already damaged by Greta. Following it came a shout of fury that Brad felt was partly his own.

* * *

Mark followed the candle with his eyes. It glittered for a while until the chill put it out. He heard the glass shatter when it hit the ground, not saved by the inch of snow that should have softened the blow. Grace had given him that candle for their first anniversary. When he lit it, it made the air taste like vanilla. He gasped and screamed for it. Then seeing no other option, he slung a scarf across his neck, violently threw the door open, and dashed down the stairs.

* * *

Brad wanted to speed his way to the ground. Maybe Greta would be there. Maybe she wouldn't. Did it matter? She'd given him a chance and he'd blown it out of the sky. She was perfect and he was childish. Vain. Stupid. He closed his eyes and refused to see the reflection in the black structure. He wanted to move faster. Or just shut off his mind and be dead upon the arrival when the time came to land.

* * *

Every time one of Mark's feet slapped across a stair, his calves and spine and head hurt too. His eyes could barely see through the delicate light, which came from downstairs neighbors as he ran and his vision blurred. His lungs groaned for the air they couldn't warm. His lips, the ones that had kissed Grace and tasted vanilla, the ones that had spoken to her when she was tired and cooed her to sleep, the ones that bled because he was still biting them, were dry and chapped in the frigid air.

The end of the staircase came with the glaring of a huge emergency light. Every building had an emergency light, and in a big city like this, no one was going to save this one stupid little apartment building. The stupid apartment building where Grace had moved with him, the one Grace had moved out of when she went to a college dorm. His ankles burned for a rest, a rest he wouldn't, couldn't, give them. He wrenched the door open.

* * *

The melting bit of Brad began to spread from the one limb down to the next. The fire smelled sweet and sad. He felt delirious and alarmingly gleeful. The thought crossed his mind that maybe snowflakes go to heaven.

* * *

Mark thought that the snow on the ground looked like a sheet of vanilla frosting, even as it crunched underfoot and clung to his face. There was the candle, a melted patch surrounding it, splinters of glass all around. He grabbed it and cut his hands, but he didn't care. It smelled like vanilla. It smelled like Grace.

* * *

Brad saw a human figure, dressed in black like a mourner at a funeral, crouching in the snow, shaking and bleeding. He drifted down onto the figure and landed on the black cloth. The thought crossed his mind that maybe snowflakes go to hell.

Story of Special Merit

Four years ago, *Menagerie* began accepting poetry and prose submissions from eighth grade students from our eleven feeder schools. This year many submissions were received, and after careful consideration, we are pleased to present "Memories" by Maddy Schierl.

Memories

BY MADDY SCHIERL



The house sits quietly on the horizon, fading within the dusty shadows that the moon breathes into the silent world. The moon is there, hanging above this house, and it pulls the stars closer, tighter, into a shimmery cloak that blankets the velvet sky with tiny lights. The house is dusty in the tall grasses that flow in and out with the night's gentle pulse. All is silent, paused and imprinted into Time like a secret that seeps into my skin, tickling me with knowledge that it is there.

The wood of the house is gray, weathered by the countless times I have walked into this tilted porch. A porch swing sways and creaks into the wind, soft voices woven into its patched cushions. Dust billows out from underneath my feet, dancing frantically into the cool, damp air that smooths my skin until I can feel the night in my very blood.

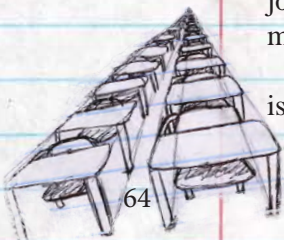
When I swing open the musky door, hinges creak, whisper to me, and tell me the stories they hold in their rusted fixtures. The walls seem to lean in on me, lined with shelf by shelf by shelf, a storehouse for Time. The light is dim, but the jars glow with an iridescence of a thousand voices, a thousand lifetimes, a thousand triumphs and a thousand downfalls.

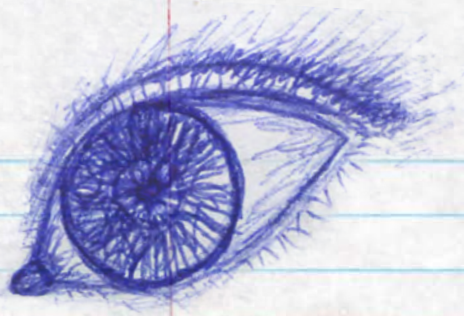
Dreamlike are my movements, I move slowly so as not to disturb this memorial, this graveyard of Time; this burial ground of memories full of dust, full of sorrows and joys mingling together, half forgotten but at the same time held so tight. The floor sighs under my bare feet.

I reach forward, a strange pain in my chest, I did come looking for something, some long forgotten need that now tugs at my heartstrings with an insistence that scares me. My skin brushes up against the glass of a jar and a shivery, shimmery jolt creeps into my fingertips until I hear the whispers of the memory escape out into the dusty house.

The voice feels familiar, I feel a part of an ancient dance, twirling around and around; it is dizzying in spite of the gentle music. In a frenzy that I cannot quite grasp, I knock more dusty glass jars from their spaces, and I feel like the whole world has crashed down upon me, voices spinning into my eyes, my ears and my skin. So many lives, so many people here, forgotten in this old house they call Time. The memories are thick in air, making it hard to suck in a breath. A first tooth, a heartbreak, a death, a life, a mother, a father, a friend, an enemy. Tears, pain and joys. How can one history, one miniscule speck in Time hold so many memories, so many miles of shelves and jars?

I'm overwhelmed as I reach for the last jar on the worn, soft shelves. There is a sudden hush. The last jar, the last memory, slowly, almost fearfully, I twist open

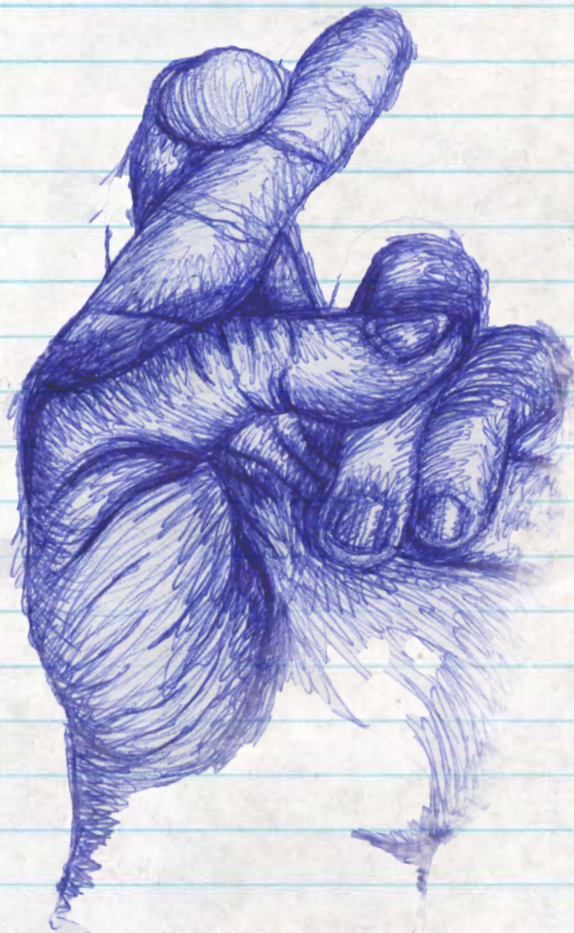




the dusty, musty cap with a soft turn of my trembling hands. I step carefully over shards of broken glass that lie like dead, shimmering moths at my feet. I walk out into the deep night, full of stars and I feel so small.

Breathing deep, filling my lungs with the light of a million stars, I pull the top off the last jar. I hold my breath and I wait. But now, slowly, out of this dusty tomb of Time comes a small, pulsing light that drifts silently off into the vast infinity of the sky. The moon reaches out with pale, soft words and calls the little light into her vast cloak of memories, into her vast endless cape of lights.

Walking up the creaky steps and past the whispering swing one last time, I peek into the house's dusty depths and see the thousands of jars neatly arranged on the dusty shelves. The night seeps in through the cracks of the timeworn wood. I close my eyes, feeling the moon on my skin that illuminates this tiny, miniscule, seemingly meaningless, life that is mine.





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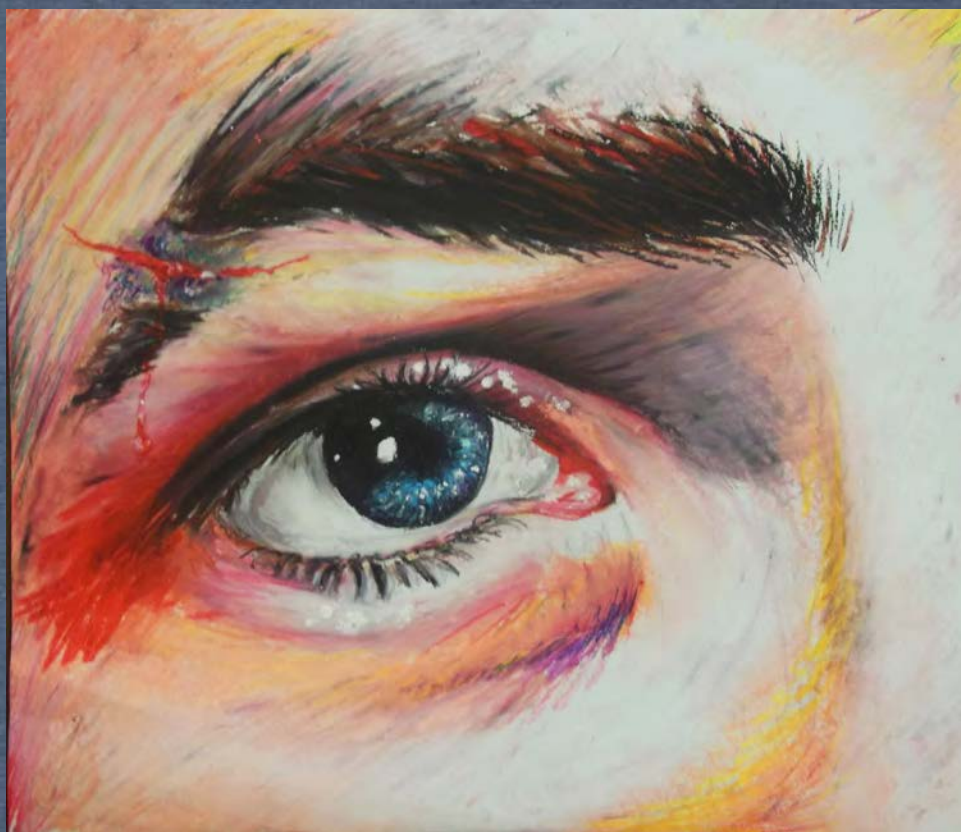
Mrs. Rohlicek For Providing the art staff
with her Computer design knowledge and
aiding in the Creation of each handmade
Page

The talented writers and artists who are
the reason Menagerie exists

Members of the art staff who took
the time to create their assigned Pages by
hand



LLAMA
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CERAMIC



CUT EYEBROW
ANNA PILIPUF
OIL PASTEL ON PAPER



RAIN
THERESA LUNDEEN
OIL ON CANVAS



SWING
SARAH KREIKEMEIER
ACRYLIC ON PAPER



SELF-PORTRAIT
KRISTEN O'BRIEN
COMPUTER ART

Colophon

Menagerie is the student-run literary and art magazine of Lyons Township High School. Students submit their poems, short stories, plays, and art by January. In February, the poetry, prose, and editorial staffs meet after school for three weeks to read and discuss the literary submissions in small groups. The poetry and prose staffs then convene at the end of each week to evaluate the pieces based on quality of writing, style, originality, emotional accessibility, and subject matter. From the literary staff's shortlists, the editors make the final selections and edit those pieces for grammatical and technical errors. In the following month, the art staff meets several days per week to integrate artwork with similarly themed literary pieces. Other exceptional art is selected for individual layouts. The art staff uses the computer program Adobe InDesign to create the magazine spreads. In early April, the editorial staff makes the final edits of the spreads before the finished product is sent to the printer.

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